

M. E. FOHS,
Merchant Tailor,
 MARION, KY.
 Always has the latest styles. Suits
 made to order \$15.00 and upwards.
 All-wool pants, made to order \$2.00.

The Crittenden Press.

All-Wool Pants,
 MADE TO ORDER
FOR \$3.50 CASH.
M. E. FOHS, The Tailor.

VOLUME 18.

MARION, CRITTENDEN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 9, 1897.

NUMBER 25

A Merry Christmas.

Santa Claus
Comig!

And he will be in our store with everything nice for both the old and young. Toys and candies for the boys and girls, and innumerable handsome and useful presents for the old folks. We have something nice for everyone.

We Lead all Competition.

Jimcracks don't go any more. It's the handsome, substantial article that makes the Christmas present this year. We have them.

Fancy Pitchers

Handsome goods out.

Fine Vases

All sizes and shapes. The latest out.

Fancy Butter

Dishes

They can't be beat.

Cups and Saucers

Nothing prettier. All styles.

Flower Stands

Something new and they are beauties.

Celery Stands

Salad Dishes

All pretty novelties.

Water Sets

Something elegant.

Dinner Sets

Nothing prettier, Nothing more useful

Fine Lamps

Banquet, parlor, hall and table. Nobody's stock will beat ours.

Finest soaps, elegant line of pocket books and purses, and many, many other goods of good values and pretty designs. We also have a splendid line of toys for the little folks. All of the newest and best things.

Prices Tell, Quality Counts.

Coffee from 4 to 12 pounds for \$1.00

We have all grades of everything kept in our line, and remember this, we will not be undersold.

THE LEADER.

The Birdsell Wagons

SOLD BY J. P. PIERCE,

Has a guaranteed capacity as follows,

Birdsell 2 1/2, capacity, 2000lbs; other wagons 2 1/2, capacity, 1500lbs
 Birdsell 2 3/4, capacity, 3000lbs; other wagons 2 3/4, capacity, 2000lbs
 Birdsell 3 in, capacity, 4000lbs; other wagons 3 in, capacity, 2500lbs
 Birdsell 3 1/4, capacity, 5000lbs; other wagons 3 1/4, capacity, 3500lbs
 Birdsell 3 1/2, capacity, 6000lbs; other wagons 3 1/2, capacity, 4000lbs

These wagons are kept in stock and sold by J. P. PIERCE, and it will surely pay you to buy them.

CASH For all.. **PRODUCE.**
 kinds of
H. KOLTINSKY.



Dr. Ravidin, the Ophthalmic Optician, will be in Marion, Ky., December 20 to 24, inclusive, as usual in Dr. J. H. Clark's office. Examinations free of charge. Eyes tested with the latest scientific methods. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A Short, Sad Story.

A Cold, Neglect, Pneumonia, Grief.

Had Foley's Honey and Tar been used this story would have had a happy ending.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

By mutual consent the firm of Clement & Guess has this day dissolved partnership. All persons owing the firm will settle same with J. W. Guess. Allowing Clement & Co., will settle with I. H. Clement.

This Nov. 13, 1897.

A Queer Medicine. There is a medicine whose proprietors do not claim to have discovered some hitherto unknown ingredient, or that it is a cure all. This honest medicine only claims to cure certain diseases, and that its ingredients are recognized by the most skilled physicians as being the best for Kidney and Bladder diseases. It is Foley's Kidney Cure. At Haynes'.

Look!

AT THESE PRICES:

10 lbs green coffee for	\$1.00
9 lbs roast coffee for	1.00
Package of coffee	10c
3 brooms for	25c
Wash tubs	20c
Wash boards	10c
6 quart bucket	10c
Dish pan	10c
Horse and Cattle Powders	25c
7 pounds soda	25c
Meat, per pound	6c
Molasses	25c
19 lbs Sugar	\$1.00

Everything at Bottom Prices.

A. F. Griffith.

Wall Paper.

Having purchased the largest and most select stock of paper ever brought to the county. I invite the public to call and examine my stock

Respectfully,

Jas. H. Orme.

Now is The Time

To-morrow may be too late, Morse & Wilson will write you any kind of fire or tornado insurance at the lowest possible rates.

They have a good line of companies and will appreciate a part of your business.

J. H. Morse,
 Jno. Wilson,
 Agents,
 Office at Morse' Furniture Store.

A Holiday Hint..

The nicest thing for Christmas present is one of those

Handsome Rocking Chairs

—AT—

Olive's Furniture Store.

He has some beautiful ones for the little folks; and elegant ones for the older folks. Come and see them. See his

Combined Book-Cases and Desks for ladies.

ALL KINDS OF NICE PRESENTS IN THE FURNITURE LINE.

Uncle Sam's Seals.

A great deal of interest is being taken in the conference of seal commissioners now being held in the city of Washington.

A very careful study has been made of the life and habits of the seal, on account of the dispute between this country and England, as to the right to take seals in the open sea. It has been found that soon after the ice disappears from Behring Sea in spring the seals come up out of the water, swimming from a southerly direction.

The old male seals appear several weeks before the others. As soon as the first come ashore they select their favorite spots and then begin a continuous series of battles with the tardy ones, to maintain possession of the ground chosen. This fighting goes on night and day until the females begin to arrive. Each of the males will then collect a harem of the females as he can defend. The presence of young males, that is, those less than about 4 or 5 years of age, is not tolerated at all. They live by themselves on one side of the main land. The young are born on the land and when a few weeks old are driven into the shallow water by the mothers and compelled to learn to swim.

If born at sea they would immediately drown. Continuous vigilance is the price of domestic sovereignty, and the father of the family never leaves his post of duty. For four months he guards his flock faithfully, without eating or drinking. When he comes from the sea in the spring he is enormously fat but in the autumn, at the close of his long fast, he is reduced to a mere shadow of his former self.

On the other hand the females go to the sea daily in search of food, sometimes traveling as far as a hundred miles from home. When they return they utter a peculiar cry to attract the attention of their young and this is instantly recognized and answered. The mother can distinguish the voice of its own offspring, even if in the midst of ten thousand other young seals. It goes to it at once and it will never pay any attention to or permit the approach of any but their own young.

DRIVING SEALS.

The young male seals, which live in colonies by themselves, are the only ones permitted by law to be killed. They are driven like flocks of sheep back to the killing grounds. The taking of moderate numbers of these will not tend to destroy the colony as when fully grown each male seal will collect a family of perhaps forty females.

Formerly the Alaska Commercial Co. took 100,000 skins each year, and for this privilege it paid the government \$2.50 per skin. When this contract expired the government refused to renew it on the same terms. A new company, called the North American Commercial and Trading Company, was given the privilege of taking the seals, paying the government \$100,000 a year, in addition to a tax of \$9.62 on every skin taken.

The colony has been so reduced in size by pelagic sealing that only some 20,000 seals are killed on the island this season. When the seals leave the islands in the fall they pass through the Aleutian Islands and go on to the broad Pacific, as far down as opposite San Francisco. They then turn eastward toward the coast and then turn up the coast to the breeding grounds for eight or nine months. When on their journey they never go ashore anywhere. They are never seen to leave the water excepting on St. John and St. George, of the Pribilof group.

It is upon this fact that our government bases its right to prevent pelagic sealing. The United States claims to own the seals, wherever found, because they breed on our soil and always return to our soil at the end of their sea journey.

The Canadian seal hunters put out to sea in boats, head off the returning herd, and shoot them indiscriminately male and female, old and young. If they do not instantly kill the seal hit it sinks below the surface and is lost. This practice has in a few years so reduced the herd that it is now very much decreased, and the seal promises to follow the buffalo into oblivion. It has been proposed, if pelagic sealing can not be otherwise stopped, to kill all the seals on the land, and so end the controversy by exterminating the race.

No Hunting.

No hunting allowed on my farm. Trespassers will be prosecuted.

L. H. Paris.

THE TOBACCO TRADE.

An Owensboro dealer explains the situation to the Messenger as follows: "For over thirty years, according to my own personal knowledge, Italy has advertised for bids, annually, to furnish the government with tobacco. Nor a long time Reusen, of New York, has always received this contract, his bid being best. This year, however, Italy did not advertise for bids, but made a private contract with E. C. Morrow & Bro., the big Tennessee tobaccoists of Springfield and Clarksville for ten thousand hogsheads, the amount wanted by the Italian government for 1898. The Morrises already had a large quantity of the kind of tobacco required by Italy on hand, and they are making a hard pull to get what they are yet lacking. Of course Reusen did not like to lose out on the Italian contract, and he is making a big strike to buy up all the classes that are used to supply the Italian order. Of course if he succeeds he would have the Morrises where the hair is right, but it is a play for big game, and doubtful whether it will be a success. The figures are at the present against Reusen, as the Morrises now have twelve millions pounds of Italian tobacco on hands, while Reusen has only nine million. The question naturally arises: 'If the Morrises get enough tobacco to fill their contract, what is Reusen going to do with his immense purchase of Italian tobacco? Several years ago Sawyer, Wallace & Co. of New York undertook to corner all the Italian tobacco against the contractor for that country. The contractor got enough tobacco to supply his demand and you know the fate of Sawyer, Wallace & Co. Of course there is no danger of this play on Reusen's part resulting in financial disaster to him, as he is immensely rich, and has a large capital at his command, but he takes the chance of having a lot of Italian tobacco left in his possession."

"It is claimed that this fight has advanced the price of tobacco, and as soon as it terminates a decline of the market will follow. I do not know whether this is true or not, but it is quite reasonable to suppose that it has aided in advancing the prices on Italian tobacco, and it is just as reasonable to suppose that when the Morrises get enough tobacco to fill their contract that prices will weaken."

"The Morrises are playing their buyers throughout the world. They have rented the Newberry factory at Henderson, have already bought a lot of tobacco and will buy more."

SILENCED BY DEATH.

Singing Evangelist E. T. Rhinehart Passes Away in Chicago.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 2.—Dr. E. T. Rhinehart, the noted singing evangelist, who has labored so extensively throughout Kentucky and the South and West, died of typhoid fever at the Homeopathic Hospital in Chicago yesterday. The remains were shipped to this city and are now at the residence of Z. A. Massie, Twenty-sixth and Magazine. Dr. Rhinehart had gone to Chicago to conduct the singing during the revival at the Metropolitan Methodist church, when he was stricken. He traveled with the holiness evangelist, Dr. B. Carradine.

Livingston County.

From Smithland Banner. Circuit clerk Charles Rutter has traded his property here to Rev. Lockhart for the old Gray farm on the Smithland and Salem road. Rev. Lockhart will move to town in a very short time.

Aretus Blood, President of the Grand Rivers Company, died on Nov. 25. This will perhaps cause some changes in the business affairs of the Grand Rivers Co., and may lead to a reorganization of the company and a re-starting of the furnaces.

Richard Clemens, a farmer living about five miles from town in the Patterson Ferry neighborhood, lost his house and all his household and kitchen furniture last Wednesday night by fire. Nothing was saved. The fire occurred about 11 o'clock, and is supposed to have caught from a stove fire.

Dandruff is Disease

Prevention of baldness is dandruff. Keep the scalp clean and promote the growth of the hair by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor

THE HOLY LAUGH.

The most remarkable religious demonstration ever witnessed in a civilized community during the nineteenth century is now being enacted daily near Brunswick.

With the mysterious power of a hypnotist the strange preacher of holiness in his tent at the six mile cross in continues to work communicants into perfect frenzies, of religious excitement.

For days wonderful stories of the extraordinary scenes have reached Brunswick, but the half has not yet been told. To this strange religion now being expounded is charged the death of young William Hickman, who died in a religious trance several days ago.

Sunday a party of Brunswick people visited the holiness grove; around the tent in which it is located were bunched over one hundred vehicles. The all day Sunday service was at its height.

Standing before a rude altar a keen face man was speaking in sharp tored words Bible texts. As his voice rose and fell in cadence with an upraised hand in which waved a Bible the influence of the motion swept the hundreds in the tent.

A WOMAN'S WEIRD LAUGH.

Suddenly from near the altar a woman gave vent to a weird, unearthly laugh. In quick response came cries from every side. Then like a pent up torrent the religious frenzy burst forth in all its tempestuous earnestness. Men laughed and laughed, women cried and laughed, children tore their handkerchiefs to shreds, men beat men on the back and fell shouting, "Glory to God" in the highest voices possible.

A woman, one of the preacher's traveling companions, stepped to the organ and began playing.

A pause ensued, momentarily, but almost immediately again the "holy laugh" returned and was up and repeated in one wild, mad refrain. On the ground lay prostrate many people, digging their hands in the earth and singing Glory to God until exhausted. Then they lay as dead, their bodies stiff and cold. This they called the religious rigor, and it is alleged that in a similar one young Hickman died after forty eight hours unconsciousness.

TAKES A COLLECTION.

At this juncture the preacher let fall his Bible, and grasping his hat began taking up a collection. Contributions of all descriptions poured in. Jewelry was discarded and emptied in his hat, pocketbooks were turned out and thrown on the altar, while their former owners, unmindful of the shivering blasts of a northeast wind with swaying bodies laughing and shouting, Glory to God.

This was their refrain, and when the Brunswick party left, the few enthusiasts whose voices still held out were laughing and shouting with all the fervor and strength of their beings.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE DEAD MULTITUDE.

Havana, Dec. 1.—The first figures of Cuba's starvation were timely moderate. They showed the death of only two hundred thousand persons. But every painful fact unearthed but tends to prove them nearly double that number.

When the grim returns are all in, it is now almost certain that Cuban massacre of innocents will reach four hundred thousand. And this awful number does not include those killed in battle or the thousand and thousands of women and children who have died of exposure, disease, and also of massacre in the mangroves and swamps.

A week's trip through the province of Havana, Matanzas and Santa Clara, has tended to make moderate this tremendously extreme figure. The figures of Spanish official reports show but a part of the mortality. They only give the number buried in consecrated ground—and they do not give that fully. At yet these official ultra Spanish reports of burial permits issued admit that in the province of Santa Clara there have died and been buried since Weyler's first, 71,847 persons. The number of people for whose death Weyler is directly responsible, is 155,132 in Santa Clara province. Santa Clara has so far been by far the least destitute of the provinces. It has many cattle and not a very thick population. Between its 53 per cent dead to Pineda Rio's admitted 80 per cent, are the provinces of Matanzas and Havana, with a 60 and 70 per cent mortality respectively.

These percentages are established now by the actual figures in some thirty cities and towns. Applied to the denser population of their respective provinces, the total deaths since Weyler's "bando" will foot up nearly a million.

THE FIERCE CONDOR.

Exciting Adventure at the Top of a Big Peak in Peru.

The three of us had been prospecting for gold along the Putana river, 150 miles southwest of Lima, Peru, for three or four weeks, before I had the good fortune to get a near sight of a condor. I had seen them at such a distance that they might have been mistaken for crows, but though we had all kept our eyes open and rifles ready no specimen of the big bird had come within cannon shot. When we complained of our bad luck to Jose, our cook, who had been born and reared among the foothills of the Andes he said:

"There is no other bird living so strong and fierce as the condor, and yet the sight of men frightens him. He seems to know just how far a rifle will carry, and he always keeps beyond it."

"How strong is a full grown condor?" I asked.

"No man can tell you that," he replied, "but I will tell you what I have seen with my own eyes. One day, a few miles from my home, as a man who had been hunting sat upon a rock in the open, to rest, he was attacked by a condor, which suddenly dropped from the skies. As it came down it fastened one claw in his back and the other in his shoulder and struck him a fearful blow with its beak. It could not lift the man, or he weighed 150 pounds, but it dragged him along the ground for many rods before it let go. The blow from the condor's beak had stunned the fellow, and the wounds inflicted by its talons were so terrible that the man died of his injuries."

This simply whetted my desire to see one of these mighty birds. For a time it seemed as though I would be disappointed. One day, however, we came upon an old native and his son the latter about twelve years of age. He was talking of condors and pointed out a place high up on the mountain spur.

"It has been there," said he "since my grandfather was a boy. I was close to it once but it was empty. My son here was near it too, only a few days ago. For a little money he will show you a path."

That was exactly what we wanted and I soon struck a bargain. The lad had not approached the nest from below but from above, and had he not found the route very difficult. He had gone near enough to see a fledgling in the nest and being afraid of the old bird's return had retreated, after a brief view. He was a fairly intelligent lad and proud to go with us, and he led the way in a manner to give us confidence. It was rather a tough climb, but finally he reached the peak.

"Just beyond the curve is the condor nest," whispered the boy, as we came to a halt. "If the old bird is there what will you do?"

"Shoot her."

"But if both are there."

"Then we will shoot both."

He looked serious and doubtful. I did not expect him to go further but he started off, having his bow and arrow in hand, and we followed. As we turned the curve we came full up on the nest. The mother bird was there feeding a fledgling.

With a shrill scream of rage and surprise the old bird lifted herself about ten feet into the air and as I fired at her she fell. The lad rushed forward to the nest; Jose and I were advancing upon the fluttering, screaming bird, which was only wounded, when there was a whirl of wings and the male bird dropped from the clouds fair upon the boy's back, and what happened passed so quickly we stood in dumb surprise. The condor simply swooped down, fastened his talons in the boy, and was in full flight with him, all in the space of ten seconds. The lad must have weighed at least 50 pounds, but the bird lifted him easily and flew in the direction of our camp, sinking a little in his flight down the slope, yet keeping above the trees.

As we stood paralyzed with surprise, the wounded bird fluttered over the edge of the cliff and was lost to us.

It was night when we got down the mountain, and soon the next day before we found the father of the boy, I had expected an outburst of sorrow and indignation with a claim for heavy damages, but when he heard the story he simply said:

"It is no one's fault and it is no use to look for the dead. He was a good boy, but it was to be so. Perhaps you will give me a few pieces of silver to comfort his mother.—Pina delphia Press.